

Good Cool Water!

APPROPRIATING the difficulty our friends from the country have in obtaining a good drink of water when in town, we have placed a cooler in our store, which we will keep filled with **ICE WATER** for the accommodation of our **CUSTOMERS**. Of course we do not expect to supply the Public generally, as ice costs US money, water costs US money, and time costs US money. Very few people outside of the city would realize that the ice water we expect to give away this summer will cost us from fifty to one hundred dollars, and for that reason we are forced to restrict its use to **OUR CUSTOMERS**. Remember, however, that **THEY** are welcome to all they want.

ORR & SLOAN.

The \$5.00 Watermelon Prize is payable August 15th.
The Fine Parlor Matches at 5c, dozen boxes still here.

NEW JEWELRY STORE!

JOHN M. HUBBARD,

IN HIS NEW STORE.....IN HOTEL BLOCK.

LOTS OF NEW GOODS.

NOVELTIES IN PROFUSION.

JUST WHAT YOU WANT.

IC. TO \$100.00.

No Charge for Engraving.

The Prettiest Goods in the Town, and it's a pleasure to show them.

P. S.—If you have Accounts with J. M. HUBBARD & BRO. make settlement with me at above place.

JOHN M. HUBBARD

A. DEAN. W. H. GEER. J. L. O. MOORE.

WE WISH TO SAY

TO OUR FRIENDS AND THE PUBLIC GENERALLY that we have greatly improved our stock of—
SHOES, DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS,
And are prepared to give prices LOWER THAN EVER.

We have on hand a big stock of **FLOWER** and **MOLASSES**, which we will sell cheaper than anybody.
Call and inspect our stock. Remember, we keep nothing but First Class Goods, and will take pleasure in giving prices, whether you buy or not.

DEAN, GEER & MOORE.

JESSE E. SMITH. A. A. BRISTOW.

WHEN YOU GO TO GREENVILLE

Call and see the Handsomest and Newest line of
Clothing, Hats and Furnishings,
To be Found in the City.

OR SEND US AN ORDER, which we will gladly fill, and if not satisfactory to be returned at our expense.

SMITH & BRISTOW,

Clothiers and Furnishers, Greenville, S. C.

FURNITURE

AT

PANIC PRICES.

The Greatest Bargains in Furniture ever offered in South Carolina are offered at

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Anderson Intelligencer.

The Manly Boy.

It isn't the boy that doubles his fists
And thrusts them under another's nose,
Baring his sleeves from his right wrists,
Ready to start a fight at a word;
It isn't the boy who is ready with jibe and jeer
To stir up strife; however he can,
Breathing menace and winking fear,
Who grows to be a manly man.

It isn't the boy who takes his mug
Of the horrible liquid, labeled beer,
Then hangs himself by a silly bug
To the liveliest lamp post standing near.
It isn't the boy who smokes the vilest cigarette,
And lord it over a black-and-tan,
Or a gallant horse, I can tell him yet,
He's far from being a manly man.

It isn't loose speech, nor dress that is loud,
It isn't the cut of the coat he may wear
A clown with one attribute a crowd,
And with a seamless suit and stare;
He may sport the heaviest watch and chain
With collar and necktie lead the van,
And flourish the noblest hat and cane—
These never make a manly man.

Will he think he has come to man's estate
When he feels the down on his feeble chin?
Will he think that vices make him great,
That only the weak are afraid of sin?
Some day his foolish heart he will own,
He must have followed a wiser plan—
One that will help, and one alone,
A boy to be a manly man.

I know you well, my manly boy,
I know who follows the Golden Rule;
I know what makes you a household joy,
A precious treasure with all at school.
I know what comfort wise hearts take,
Who do homage with all their clan,
They know very well you will one day make
A manly, Christian gentleman.

A Boy's Talk With a Railroad Manager.

"What is the danger signal?" asked Hal, who was beginning to consider these railroad signals almost as important and well worth knowing as those in which he drilled his foot ball team.

"Red for danger, green for caution, and white for safety; flags by day and lanterns at night," replied the railroad uncle, adding, "I am sure you must have noticed men at road crossings waving white flags to show that the track was clear as your train rushed by."

"Of course I have," answered Hal. "Or the watchmen on the sharp curves and bridges, waving green flags as much as to say: 'You may go ahead, but you must do so with caution.'"

"I don't remember seeing them," responded Hal; "but I'll look out for the green flags the very next time I go in the cars."

"A red flag or a red light is imperative," continued Mr. Holden, and means, "Sound the call for brakes and stop at once." There are other danger and caution signals I think you will be especially interested in," added his uncle, "torpedoes and fuses, for instance. A torpedo upon the rail is one of the most used and most reliable of all the danger signals."

"But I shouldn't think it would be loud enough," objected Hal. "Why don't you use something louder—say, cannon-crackers?"

"Oh, you are thinking of the little paper-wrapped torpedoes such as children play with; but they are not the kind I mean. A railroad torpedo is a round tin box, just about the size of a silver dollar, filled with percussion powder. Attached to it are two little leaden strips that can be bent under the edges of the rail, so as to hold the torpedo firmly in position on top of it. In this position, when a locomotive wheel strikes it with the force of a sledge hammer it explodes with a report fully as loud as a cannon cracker that can be played heard above all other sounds of the train. It is a warning sufficient to arouse the engineer and to render him keenly alert."

"If a train meets with any accident or obstruction that bids fair to cause a delay of more than a few seconds, the engineer sounds five short whistle blasts (— — — — —). On hearing this signal the brakemen immediately run back a quarter of a mile or so and place a torpedo on one of the rails that his train has just passed over. Then, going back about two hundred yards farther, he places two more torpedoes a rail's length apart. He then returns to his first torpedo, and, with his red flag in hand, stands there until the recall signal is sounded from his own train. On hearing this he picks up and takes with him the single torpedo, but leaves the other two where they are."

"These two torpedoes thus form a cautionary signal; and, translated by the next following engineer, mean, 'The train ahead of you has met with a delay; move cautiously, and keep a sharp lookout.' The single torpedo is an imperative warning to apply the air brakes, 'Shut off,' and 'Reverse'—in other words, 'Stop at once, for there is danger immediately ahead.'"

"If a train is delayed at night, the brakemen sometimes leave another bit of fireworks behind him when called in. It is a 'fuse,' which is a paper cone containing enough red fire, inextinguishable by wind or rain, to burn exactly five minutes, which is the shortest length of time allowed between two running trains. The engineer of a following train must stop when it comes to a fuse, and not move ahead until it is burned out; though he can calculate from its condition just about how far ahead the next train is.—Kirk Munroe, in St. Nicholas.

—Probably the largest tombstone in the world is that of the late Henry Scarlett of Upson County, Georgia. Years before Mr. Scarlett's death he selected a monster boulder—a miniature mountain—and when he died this huge tombstone was placed over his grave.

—They were driving home late from a party and she, poor, weary girl, dozed off into an early morning nap. The temptation was more than any son of Adam could resist and he gave her a swift, noiseless, neatly executed kiss. There was no protest from the half-parted lips, so he continued the swift, noiseless, neatly executed business. When she awoke he frankly told her all and begged her pardon. "Never," was the intense response. "Never! How dare you kiss me when I am not in a condition to know it!" He promptly remedied that flaw in his case and now he has a lingering suspicion that she was wide awake the whole time.

—Paper is the best chest protector, and men whose work exposes them to drafts find a sheet of newspaper under the vest an effective protection from cold.

—The Baltimore Sun thus describes the South Carolina whiskey: "It seems that the South Carolina whiskey not only made the snakes look small, but made them appear wiser. Under the new liquor law of South Carolina the smallest drink that can be bought is a quart, and it was thought by some that it was this fact that the enormous number of snakes were to be attributed. But this explanation of the matter is manifestly incorrect, since it has been the uniform experience of thirsty sinners that the bigger the drink the bigger the snakes. So it must be concluded that there is some peculiarity in the granger government whiskey of the Palmetto State, which not only reduces the size of the snakes but makes them look like caterpillars."

—When the old man had concluded it, they shook hands with him and went away leaving him to his thoughts and the round up of the night's work.

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The Old Man's Story.

From the Detroit Free Press.

The old newspaper man shored his chair back from the desk and looked about the group of reporters roosting on chairs and tables, gabbings on all sorts of subjects, as reporters are wont to do at 2 o'clock in the morning, when the night's work is near its end. "One of you boys," he said, "asked me the other day why I was cynical and suspicious of people. Would you like to know why?"

Instantly there was an affirmative chorus, for the boys liked the old fellow, notwithstanding he was always too busy to devote any time to them, and too hard up to "blow them off," as they put it.

"Well, then, listen," he said. "It isn't a long story. When I was about 40, which was now twenty years ago, I had a wife and five children, and was getting \$20 a week on a morning paper in a western city. I managed to exist on that, but life was not rosy to me, and my wife, rest her soul, was very delicate, and could do very little toward helping us out. One winter was a particularly hard one, and the doctors recommended that I send my wife to some other climate, if I wanted to see her live and grow better. God knows I did; but I was deep in debt then, and even to save her life I could not raise the money needed. I was utterly discouraged and contemplated suicide, which was a cowardly relief, but it was relief, and I had too heavy a burden. I was sitting at my desk one afternoon, alone, brooding over my troubles, when a man came in and asked for me. I didn't know him, and paid little attention to him. All I noticed was a heavy black beard, long hair, and a pair of dark blue glasses. It was evident, however, that he knew me, although he had asked me if I were the man he was looking for."

"There's a package for you," he said, laying it down quickly, and before I could answer he was outside of the office.

"I picked it up indifferently, for packages came to me often, which belonged to the office, but this one had written across it, 'Do not open for thirty minutes.' Somebody came in then and I forgot about the package for an hour. Then I opened it, and what do you think I found?"

The boys made all sorts of guesses to each of which the old man shook his head.

"You'd never guess," he said, with a wan smile. "It was a package of new, crisp \$1,000 bills. I counted them feverishly and there were 150 of them. Think of it, boys, and the old man's eyes sparkled at the remembrance—\$150,000, and a minute before I was so poor that the dogs would bark at me. I rose up right then and there with a whoop and danced around the office, and then I told the business manager and two or three others and they looked at my good luck and congratulated me, and away I went for home with my precious package under my myriarched close to my bosom. I knew I never was so happy in all my days, for didn't I mean life and health to my wife, a home for my children, and a rest for me with possibly a fine business of my own and certain independence for all time? Of course I did, and I had a right to be happy. At home I told the good news to my wife gradually, and we fairly gloated over the money as it spread its grateful green light before our weary eyes. I'm sure neither one of us slept a wink that night, so eager were we to talk over our good fortune, and we planned a beautiful future for ourselves, and an immediate trip for my wife to some health-giving spot. By 9 o'clock next morning I was at the bank waiting to deposit the first money I had ever put into a bank, and I was pleased to death thinking how that receiving teller would look when he saw what a nice beginning I was making, and what a stupendous start it was to a poor newspaper man. At last the place was open and I went in, trembling, and handed my package through the window."

"I went to deposit that to my credit," I said to him as firmly as I could, and as much like I was used to it as I knew how.

"He took it, opened it and his eyes fairly bulged out on his cheeks.

"By thunder, old man," he said, "where did you get it? I'm glad to see you in such luck!"

"Come around into my private office," said the cashier, coming to the window, and I passed in. He asked me to tell him about the money and I did so with as much pleasure as the first time I had told it, but he seemed to be worried about something. When I had told it all and added that I'd like to have a check for \$500 that morning to square up my pressing debts he took me by the hand.

"My boy," he said, "I know your condition and I know all the trouble you have had, and you shall have the \$500, but it will be a personal loan to you. All that package of money you have received so strangely is counterfeit."

"What more he said I don't know, for in a minute everything was dark to me and when I recovered consciousness they told me I had been in a delirium for three weeks, and then gradually I learned that the shock had hastened my wife's death, and that my children had been cared for by friends, and I was practically alone in the world. Who did it, or what fiendish motive could have prompted it, I never have known. All I know is since that time I have not felt like trusting anything human."

The story had filled the boys, and when the old man had concluded it, they shook hands with him and went away leaving him to his thoughts and the round up of the night's work.

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On the Verge of Death.

"Yes, sir; it saved my life, and Asa's wealth could not purchase it. I would part with everything I possess first and starve afterward."

The speaker was a young carpenter of this city, the unpurchaseable "it" an ordinary looking tom cat, with three dark lateral stripes extending from shoulder to flank on both of its sides, and the person addressed, the writer, who confesses to having made a futile but wicked attempt to convert the priceless tabby into a Hamburg steak with his bootjack on the night previous, says the San Francisco Examiner.

"You see, sir," continued the speaker, "picking the cat up in his arms and stroking its fur with his hand, while the mouse began to purr and rubbed its whiskers against its owners arms, 'less than six months ago it saved me from a horrible death. You want to know how it happened? 'Twas this way! I was building houses for the Indian Department on the Crow Reservation in Montana."

"I was working convenient to the Big Horn River, and had to sleep in an old 'shack' built on the outskirts of a little cove, in which there was a dense undergrowth of willow, rosebush and wild-currants, while the Indians said contained swarms of rattlesnakes. Until then I had not seen any of the reptiles, but I had heard the noise of their rattle many a time. I had a half breed Indian helper, who owned the cat. One afternoon last July he went to the river to get a drink."

"Ten minutes afterward I heard him give a terrific yell, and a few minutes after came running to me squeezing the thumb of his right hand, while his copper colored features had assumed a cadaverous hue. He had been bitten by a rattlesnake. I tied a handkerchief around his arm, while an old Indian sucked the wound. Despite the primitive remedies of the 'medicine man' and the medical aid of the doctor from the agency, who was sent for, the man died the next day, suffering intense agony."

"After the funeral the Indians set fire to the cove, and, forming a circle around it, they killed a number of snakes that were attempting to escape from the fire. That night I was thinking over the fate of my late companion before going to sleep, while the cat purred pleasantly upon my shoulder. I had about another week's work to do there and I fervently wished myself through with the job. I went to sleep, consoled myself with the thought that all of the snakes in the neighborhood had been exterminated."

"Being very tired I slept until late the next day, and when I opened my eyes the sight that met my gaze almost paralyzed me with terror. Coiled upon my bosom lay dead and ready to strike, and its large eyes scintillating with rage, was a large rattlesnake. I was too horrified to move, and to add to my dread I could hear the rattle of another reptile under my bed. I do not know the exact time I had been watching that snake after I awoke. It might have been 15 seconds but it seemed to me a lifetime."

"The first thing I knew I saw the cat's paw descend upon the snake's head like a stroke of lightning, and the next moment the squirming, slithering thing was flung upon the floor. With a bound I jumped up in the bed and grasping a heavy stick that stood convenient, I smashed the reptile's head into a pulp. The other snake then showed fight, but it was dispatched as quickly as its mate. After making sure that there was no snake in the hut I picked up the cat and to my joy found it unharmed."

"I measured the reptile from which the cat so timely rescued me, and found it to be 3 feet 6 inches long, having 167 scuta on the body and its tail had 16 rattles. The other snake was not so large. The fire in the cove had driven the reptiles into the shack, and were it not for the cat I would have met the fate of the half-breed Indian. No, sir; money cannot buy this cat."

Hattie Saw it all.

CHICAGO, May 9.—Hattie M. Lewis, of the Franklin Grammar School, Boston, returned to her eastern home last night. Miss Hattie is just eleven years old, but she was selected by her class at the school to visit the Fair and tell them all about the things she saw.

In response to a telegram inviting her to be present at the opening last Monday, Hattie left home all alone, and traveled over the Erie road in safety. Arriving here she took her place in the crowd around the grand stand when President Cleveland pressed the electric trolley, and during the week there has been systematically seeing the Fair from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m. each day.

Although young in years, she was too sharp for the game men, and always carried her luncheon. Each day she made notes of what she saw, and when she arrives home she will tell her class mates all about the sights.

She will tell how she made the railroad journey of 1,000 miles in safety. Then she will give account of the first view of the fair and of Chicago. Being in the crowd of Monday noon, she will tell how it feels to be in front of the crush, and how she was lifted to the platform to prevent her form being injured. Her story of the scene from the stand, as she looked at the countless thousands, will interest the children, and some big folks, too.

Then will come a report of each day's journey for the week. Following is the notebook report made by this eleven-year-old school girl on the opening ceremonies. The notes are as follows:

"We started on our gondola ride about 2 o'clock. An English lady and gentleman were in the same boat with us, and we soon got acquainted. They asked me if I was from Boston, and I replied that I was, and asked them why they had guessed so much. They replied that from my speech they thought I must have lived there."

"The first building we passed was the Agricultural Building. But before I tell about the building I will tell about how the men were dressed, and what kind of a boat we went in. The men were dressed in blue suits and trousers coming to the knees. Their suits were striped with white. They had little hats on that were striped with white and blue, and sashes around their waists. The boat was gray, and made in a very queer way, indeed. The suits and boat matched very nicely."

"When we had been out a little while one of the men took out a little box with

some pins in it to sell. One of the pins was \$1, and the rest were 50 cents. I did not buy any."

"After we passed the Agricultural Building we came to the Court of Honor and the peristyle. I think that the peristyle is very grand indeed. We next came to the Manufacturers' Building. Of all the buildings that I saw I thought that was one of the handsomest. The next we passed was the Electricity Building. I have not been inside that building, but I think the outside is very pretty."

"We next passed a Chinese building. I think it is made of wood and has several towers on it. I did not care for it very much. Then came the Government and then the Mining Building. I have been through both